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At Home and Abroad

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Vol. CXXXVII FEBRUARY, 1941 No. 2

S. O. S.—Save Old Swayne!

OUR cover shows Swayne Hall of Talladega College in Alabama. Erected by slave labor in 1852–53, this grand old structure, with its massive columns, high ceilings, winding stairways and many-paned windows, has been the center of life and study for the entire history of the College. Quite apart from its sentimental value, it is the most important academic building on the Talladega campus and houses all administrative offices as well.

"But," says President Gallagher, "ominous cracking of walls warns that in the near future new foundations must be put under the building if it is to stand. Who will start a fund to save old Swayne?"

We have much to say about Talladega as a sample of the far-reaching, uplifting work of the Board of Home Missions through its American Missionary Association Division. There are other institutions which also deserve our thought and prayer and gifts, and we can well hope that in the future we shall be able to call attention to them as we have to Talladega.

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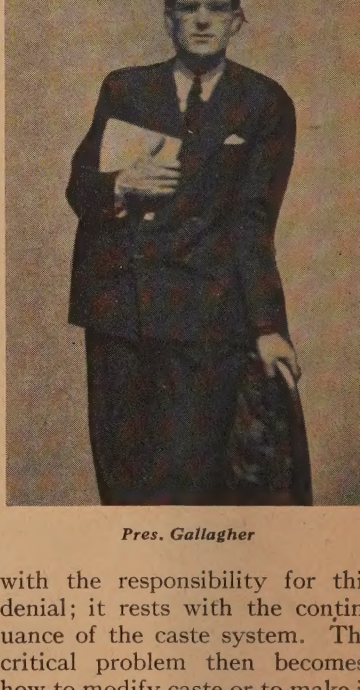
Caste-Controlled America

Pres. Buell G. Gallagher of Talladega*

NINETY-NINE years ago, intended slaves on the *Amistad* mutinied. They killed the captain, threw the crew in chains, and ordered the captive helmsman to steer for Africa. Through his ingenious navigation, the vessel anchored in Long Island Sound. The Africans were promptly clapped in prison, charged with mutiny and murder on the high seas. A fund was raised by popular subscription; the case was successfully defended; the Africans were repatriated.

The defense of the *Amistad* mutineers led to the founding of the American Missionary Association with its avowed purpose of attack on "the sins of slaveholding, polygamy, and caste." Today, slavery is gone. Since our marriage and divorce laws permit only one legal spouse at a time, polygamy is prohibited except in serial form. But caste is as firmly entrenched and as powerful as it was a century ago.

Our caste-controlled America, in the main, presents to the Negro today the same alternatives it held out to the illicit cargo of the *Amistad*—servitude or mutiny. Not yet has th Negro been granted the optio of normal, constructive citizer ship. No individual or grou within either race can be charge



Pres. Gallagher

with the responsibility for thi denial; it rests with the contin uance of the caste system. Th critical problem then become how to modify caste or to make i irrelevant.

Caste will not be modified o made irrelevant unless the trans formation is preceded or accom

*From his *American Caste and the Negro College.* Columbia University Press. $2.50. 1939.

panied by a profound shift in individual and group attitudes. But these attitudes are largely a reflex of the social pattern in which persons live. To learn new attitudes, people must have new experiences. How can these experiences be obtained in a caste-controlled society? One method is that of carving out some areas of experience in which the code of caste does not control.

The college campus, Negro or white, can be such a center of emancipation. In the widest and most inclusive sense of the term, education is the best answer to the challenge of caste. If well-meaning persons can be induced to stop prattling about "the race problem" and to set to work seriously to find what makes it impossible for Negroes and whites to live constructively as fellow-citizens, the time may come when the Negro will find that the old alternative of mutiny or subservience is replaced by the possibility of citizenship.

It may be too much to expect this transition to be completed within the lifetime of anyone now living. History will give its answer. In the meantime, the least which could be expected of an allegedly Christian and democratic nation is a rigorous, determined, good-humored, and persistent effort to understand the nature of the social forces which control it, and how these forces may be channeled in new directions.

The Christmas Fund Totals $74,278.97

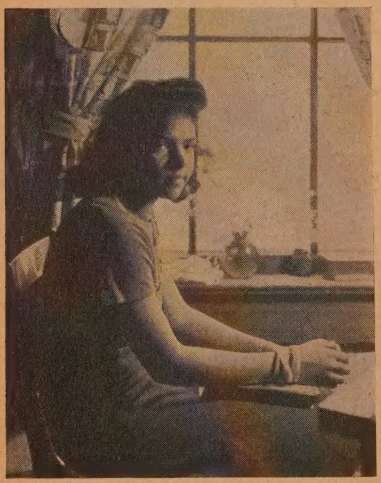
In spite of wars, rumors of wars, national elections and other distractions our people have faith in their ministers. During the ups and downs of the thirties the Christmas Fund averaged $70,035.13 a year. This year's total of $74,278.97 is well above that average and less than $300 below the level of more placid 1939. The only years which have been better than this were 1929, 1930, 1936 (a special appeal for Dust Bowl sufferers) and 1939.

The bulk of this money has already gone out in Christmas checks to our retired ministers, but a substantial sum has been retained in the Emergency Fund to be used for special aid in times of accident or sickness, from which timely aid is given to ministers who are overtaken with disasters of one sort or another.

Twenty-five Years Ago at Talladega

By Charles A. Jaquith*

ABOUT the middle of September 1915 I stepped off the train at Talladega, Alabama. My wife and I had both taught and I had had experience in the pastorate. We believed in the



"The students at Talladega College—

Negro College through which the American Missionary Association was offering educational opportunities to an underprivileged race.

There were good buildings, even if a lawn mower was an unknown luxury. Sidewalks were poor. When it had rained the red clay stuck to one beyond belief. When I stalled in mud a few miles from town a pair of mules were called to pull the car out.

We were given a couple of rooms in a dormitory, which were afterwards exchanged for a large house with a worn-out furnace. The dormitory was used for theological and college men and rules were not well received, nor quiet thought necessary at any time. I was told of a new student who, finding white teachers, started to go home, but finally agreed to stay a few days and see if he could stand it. White and colored teachers were criticized for riding together or playing tennis together. Clerks in the stores persisted in calling colored teachers by their first names as they would not address them as "Mr." or "Mrs." Negro doctors must not attend white patients, and white hospitals were not open to Negro patients. Talladega College had a hospital of its own and some courses in Nurse Training. White professors were not asked to speak in downtown churches though their pastors were invited to speak in our chapel.

*Mr. Jaquith, a graduate of Dartmouth, was the head of the English Department at Talladega for over twenty years. He now lives in Union Village, Vermont.

Students and a teacher or two were located at each table, partly to teach manners and good conversation, which seemed to be needed. Northern teachers found the board very meagre and disliked the fats of Southern cooking. Some of the favorite Northern dishes, like baked beans, the students would not have. The students paid only eleven dollars a month for board and room. Tuition was but two dollars and a half a month. (Teachers' salaries were not large, either.) One hour of work a day was required of each student. If anyone wished to hire men for work on lawn or garden, plenty were available at fifteen cents an hour, and that continued for some years. The low wages account for the low charges at the school. Tuition in the college department has not yet gone over one hundred dollars a year. The girls wore uniforms for cheapness and to prevent class distinction. Silk stockings were forbidden; likewise dancing and smoking.

I was surprised at the amount of sickness, due to the lack of an adequate and balanced diet. A gymnasium brought a great improvement; aided later by a resident physician to teach hygiene and work at the hospital.

In 1915 over six hundred students were enrolled in all departments. The classical and normal college departments had seventy and the theological school twelve. The high school was large as was the elementary school. Both are now limited in numbers and serve as practice schools for training of teachers. A night school gave instruction to some who worked on the farm during the day. White teachers were largely in the majority.

Talladega's earliest aims were, first, a grade school for the local group, then to prepare teachers, and finally to provide better trained ministers. The theological seminary really preceded the college department.

—Compare favorably with colleges all over the nation"

We did not anticipate the great progress in standards and equipment of the last ten or fifteen years. Instead of the fine science building of today, laboratories were under the library, and at times they could

be smelled as well as heard. The library included too many old ministers' books. Over fifty men studied for the ministry while I had classes in the Seminary. Later it was decided to send these students North for theological work. Philosophy, sociology and economics were made into separate departments later.

The music department always something to be proud of. The students were interested, and many fine voices were available. The Negro spirituals were something never to be forgotten. In them a worn and sorrowing people had expressed their courage and faith. Their preachers had imagination and humor. When they shouted, it was not to be eloquent, but because genuine feelings demanded expression.

Talladega students often went forth for further training, and later became missionaries in Africa, deans and professors in the best Negro colleges, pastors in leading cities, North and South, lawyers, doctors and social workers.

Christian givers have made possible the growth of the Talladega of twenty-five years ago to the present well-equipped college of high standards at which promising students with small means can prepare for usefulness among their people.

Big Sam Coles

By Dorothy P. Cushing

BIG Sam Coles is back in the U. S. A. from the Land of the Ovimbundus.

Samuel Bracy Coles is six feet, one inch, with tremendous shoulders, a wide, easy smile and the born faculty of making everyone like him. He is a man the Ovimbundus love. He hails from Alabama but for the last eighteen years he has been in Galangue, West Africa, under the American Board of Foreign Missions. Now he is home on furlough.

His trip back home took from November 1 to January 1 with considerable time spent awaiting boats at various points. He left Galangue in what he calls his "third-hand Ford" with Mrs. Coles, son Clarence, and a native Ovimbundu boy. Halfway to Lobito something happened. "We were right in the middle of a jungle when the housing of the differential broke," says Mr. Coles.

Now Sam is a mechanic, a good one, but that was something he couldn't fix, leastwise not in the middle of the bush.

He started to hike for help. He didn't know, he said, how far

he was from civilization. But Sam's guardian angel was on the job. About four miles on he found a lumber camp run by a good-natured Irishman named Johnson who had been logging in Angola for thirty years.

As Coles plugged along the road he had noticed in the earth, dampened by recent rains, many huge paw prints.

"Mr. Johnson," he said when he reached the farm, "those are sure big footprints I've been seeing. I have never seen a dog with feet that big."

"Man alive," replied Johnson, "that's no dog print, those are lion tracks and big ones. We have them around here all the time. My son shot a whopper just the other day."

Good Samaritan Johnson sent a car back for the stranded Coles and another trip was made to Lobito for auto parts. Before he left the Johnsons Mr. Coles was able to repay some of the hospitality. Coles knew logging. He had done it back in Tennessee. He saw here eight or ten men and eight oxen being used on a log moving job that could be handled with six oxen and fewer men by using a little dinky-doo which "daown South" they called a "bummer" or "go devil."

So Coles had a model made and showed logger Johnson how to use it. As he gave instructions to the Ovimbundu blacksmith he was amused and somewhat taken back to have the man suddenly say, "I think Americans must be very lazy."

Accustomed to hearing Americans called numerous things but seldom lazy, Coles inquired as to why he felt that way.

"Well," replied the Ovimbundu blacksmith simply, "they spend an awful lot of time inventing things to eliminate work."

The Ovimbundus love Sam Coles because right from the start he made himself the "man with the hoe." He invented a simple but effective hoe and later a plow, cheap in price and adapted to African needs to supplement their primitive tools.

Soon people were pleading for what they called "the tools that have food in them."

Coles did more than introduce simplified modern methods of cultivation and crop raising. He exorcized superstitions so that the natives would plant the tabooed rich river bottoms during the dry season. This handed a knockout blow to Old Man Famine, who for generations had spread horror and death.

Said an Ovimbundu pastor: "If the hearts of the folk of this region were opened you would find the name of Mr. Coles engraved in every one of them."

Like the old Ovimbundu fathers, Sam Coles believes that a man with an empty stomach isn't likely to be too much interested in his soul. So he dug around for new foods, introduced varieties of seeds and discovered forty new specimens of leguminous plants. But he also believes that "man does not live by bread alone" be he black man or white. So, since the sorely needed ordained Negro worker for Galangue has not yet been secured by the American Board, Mr. Coles has added certain preaching and evangelistic duties to his wide field.

Sam Coles speaks fluently Portuguese, the official tongue, and Umbundu, the native language. He has the friendship and respect of the Portuguese officials with whom he coöperates gladly. Angola is a Portuguese colony. The Colonial Government asked Mr. Coles to make a survey on the best farming lands in the district. The Colonial Feed Corn Commission turned over to him for distribution among the native

(*Please turn to page 41*)

The Galangue Hospital built by Mr. Coles

All ready for a baptism

Helping the Minister

BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA

I'M in the choir, even though my voice isn't very strong and I don't know a lot about music. Our director says that he isn't looking for fancy singers but for people who are willing to try. He tells us that anybody who can read can also sing and that a lot of little voices which have been trained really sound better than three or four big ones.

He also tells us that the church isn't a place to show off but that

everybody, including the singers, should come there to worship. The business of the choirs is to help the minister with the things which he cannot do all by himself. He can't go up and down the aisles saying to the people, "Now it's time to keep quiet," but if the choir marches in with its mind on the processional hymn and then sits down and keeps real still that stillness will just steal right back through the pews and hush all the people.

The minister expects us to help him pray. He tells us that he can manage the words all right if we'll manage the atmosphere. The biggest job of the choir is to make the people want to pray. He says we can do that by the way we sing the responses and the way we put our heads down and pray ourselves. He claims that both quiet and prayer are catching. We want to help him all that we can because he makes us feel that we are ministers of the church just as much as is he.

One of the biggest honors which can come to us children is to hold the basin when babies are baptized. You go to the altar to get the basin and then stand beside the minister while he takes the baby from the parents, holds it in his arms and baptizes it. That is a job everybody wants but they give it to the ones who can really keep quiet.

Singing in the choir is both work and fun. When the weather is nice and you are all tired out from school you sometimes wish that you did not have to go to rehearsal. These last only an hour, but during that time we pay attention and work. Then sometimes we have parties and go on picnics together. The Mothers' Choir Guild takes care of our gowns and helps to give us good times.

But the big reward of being in the choir comes on the Sunday mornings when we sing. One's heart sort of jumps up as we march into church leading the way for the senior choir and the minister. We're really marching along with all the good people throughout the ages who have tried to find their way into the presence of God. Then the service means more when you are up in front of the people and not too far from the minister.

It is funny how belonging to a group keeps you from being scared. You would tremble all over if you had to walk in before all those people alone, and your voice would get stuck if you had to sing all alone. But it doesn't seem as though it was you who were doing it when you walk in with the choir or sing with it. You're all swallowed up in something bigger than yourself, and that helps a lot. But it is fun to feel yourself a part of that something bigger.

Being in a choir makes you love the church. You aren't afraid of it like some people

are. It's sort of home to you. You feel as if it belonged to you. The organ is your organ, the singing is your singing, and the minister is your minister. It's really great to be in the choir, even though you are only a little part of a little choir!

Race Relations Sunday

FEBRUARY 9, 1941

and

Interracial Brotherhood Month

A packet of material containing worship services for use in the church, Church School, young people's society and women's meeting has been prepared under the auspices of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. The church worship service is the work of Gaius Glenn Atkins. The complete packet may be secured for five cents each or $3.50 a hundred from the Board of Home Missions, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

East Church, Grand Rapids, Michigan

Lent Comes Again

THIS year Ash Wednesday falls on February 26.

Never was there greater need of harking back to the original significance of Lent, which was to commemorate the forty days which Jesus spent in the wilderness at the time of his temptation. The issues which he faced at that time are singularly similar to those which confront America today. The Devil invited the Master to turn stones into bread that his stomach might be filled, to cast himself down from the pinnacle of the temple that men might see his power, and to assume the control of all the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them. The chief difference between these propositions and the spiritual seductions to which we are exposed today is that the Tempter appears to be operating on a larger scale in 1941. But surely here are three problems which are deserving of our attention between Ash Wednesday and Good Friday—only one suspects that their solution is more likely to be achieved through thought than through fasting.

In actual practice our churches

have accepted Lent as a period of self-denial foreshadowing Christ's giving of himself upon the cross. Here again we live in a day when it might be well to probe for the deeper meaning of this event. Suffering of itself achieves little. If the world could be saved through blood it would have been redeemed long ago. It is not sufficient just to die. Suicide is still suicide even though committed in the name of one's country or one's God. The significance of Jesus is not that he died but that he kept the spirit of love in his heart even in the face of a shameful death. The deeper victory was won in his own heart—and it was an abiding one. Because he never yielded to hate, he was more than a conqueror. It was continuing, abiding, unwavering love which has made Jesus the Master of Men.

There is wide disagreement among Christian people as to the place of force in life. Some regard it as an antidote to fear; others as the preventative of monstrous evils. No intelligent Christian expects any good to emerge from the present carnival of guns and dynamite. After

"The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart!"

good will must take over the job of building a world in which mutual forbearance and Christian love will make possible peace. Lent is a period when we should cultivate the spirit which alone can put an end to wars.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF PRAYER 1941

For the fifth time in eleven years the Fellowship of Prayer has been prepared by Gaius Glenn Atkins. Concerning the theme, "The Hero in Thy Soul," he writes:

"These prayers and meditations were slowly written during the late summer and early autumn of 1940 while the sun-lit peace of sea and wooded hills was increasingly powerless to escape the always deepening shadows of our stricken world. Inevitably the meditations shaped themselves about the central themes of faith and courage and reflected, as they grew, what the newspapers reported. The title of Gossips' book of sermons, *The Hero in Thy Soul*, took command and the Old and New Testaments supplied a wealth of passages. The Bible was not written in or for untroubled times."

Copies may be secured for two cents each from the Commission on Evangelism, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

A Tract for the Times from China

THE Laymen's Preaching Band of Hsiao Yao Chuang, which means "Little Village of the Yao Family" prepared the following tract which they distributed from place to place by bicycle or foot in their district of North China.

"In these confused and grievous times, there still are small groups scattered the world over from which come constantly the sounds of thankful songs and of grateful invocations. What is this sound? What are these folks really doing? Friends, these small bands are church organizations. These sounds of song and praise are the voices of those church people who believe in Jesus Christ. They are thanking and praising the Lord that under oppression and in the midst of calamities they have found comfort. And at the same time, they are interceding for others, praying that God may make it possible for all people throughout the world to secure alike with themselves happiness in the midst of anxiety and evil. Their one desire is that the Kingdom of Heaven shall come to earth.

"On account of these things, some say that the Church is the Kingdom of God. We think that this simple statement is right, because in the Church there is peace, joy, mutual help, sacrifice, service of others, forgetting of self for others and a great love. Though its sphere is limited, we may say that the Church is a reduced model of the Kingdom of Heaven. Its center is Jesus Christ. Under His guiding it shares mutually the spiritual life which comes from a never-dying love for each other. Its object is to unite as one body in Jesus Christ all people in the whole world. This vast union will make it possible for the individual and society to find new life.

"In a society which is oppressed by poverty and sickness, fearful of its own stupidity and blindness, embroiled in warrings, the task of the Church in this day is to spread this news of happiness and with all its energies to manifest the truth and power of this news. This also is the reason for the establishment of our Church.

"But the establishing of our Church concerns not merely society as a whole, but it has an even more important implication for our local community. One's own possessions are what one most treasures. The Christians of our village now have their own church; what a priceless treasure this is! This treasure can develop these Christians' sense of independence, their capacity for fellowship, and their spirit of mutual love. Each Christian must love his own

Interior of the new church at Hsiao Yao Chuang

church as he does his own home. Then he must feel the greatest responsibility for and faith in his fellow men of this community who do not yet belong to the Lord.

"It is our deepest desire that our whole district may become a small Kingdom of Heaven; that by relying on the sacred teachings, deeds, power, and influence of the Lord, all those who are living in anxiety and distress, in wickedness and suffering, may all together come under the name of the Lord and may share with Him the joy of spiritual living. Not only do we desire newness of life for each individual, but also the gradual extension of this small model of the Kingdom of Heaven until we, with all the small Kingdoms of Heaven in every other place, unite together to make one whole body and bring the Kingdom of Heaven to this earth to prosper here as it does in Heaven itself."

Eight years ago there was not a Christian in this village. Then one man through conversation with a Christian from another village became interested enough to seek more understanding of Christianity and the Church. A remarkable growth of experience in new life in God flowered on December 2, 1939, in a recognition service for the thirty charter members of the officially established church in Hsiao Yao Chuang.

A year ago not a member of the Christian group could have believed it possible for them to secure a new church building for their services of worship. On December 2 there was also a service dedicating a new cream adobe, tile-roofed, glass-windowed chapel to the work of God in this community. This was made possible by faith in the will of God which was born when some of these Christians escaped from the old building just before its roof collapsed. This was their sign from the Lord. Through sacrifice of clothes and meals, help from friends and loans without interest, these Christians now have a respectable and reverent house of worship.

Where Are Your Old Clothes?

THE utility of old clothes depends upon where they are. Hanging in the closet against the rainy day when they might be worn, they are a nuisance; keeping somebody warm on a "chilly morn" in the Southern mountains, they are accepted as a blessing from heaven.

The exact location of the shadowy line which separates "good clothes" from "old clothes" depends largely upon the geography. An "old suit" in New York City might rate as a "new suit" in some remote area. This is what the economists call "marginal utility."

The much vaunted American standard of living is not as uniform as most of us would like to think. What is regarded as poverty in Vermont would be accepted as comfort in Mississippi. The state of shiveriness which your Southern Highlander considers an inescapable feature of winter would awaken violent protests in Wisconsin.

Most of our home missionary schools and churches are in sections of the country plagued with unusual poverty. Many of the people whom they serve are intimately acquainted with cold, at least during a portion of the year. Strange as it may seem to those who have never lived there, the South really suffers more from the rigors of winter than does the North—due to poor housing, insufficient clothing and an improper diet.

Our home missionaries are a connecting link between the more comfortable and the less comfortable sections of our land. Inevitably they have become a channel through which clothes that have outlived their usefulness in one part of the country may enter upon a new life in a new social setting. Every year a good many hundred boxes and barrels of used clothes go through this process of reincarnation. They start on their journey under the designation of "old clothes"—they arrive as something else.

Experience has shown that the wholesale distribution of old clothes is a process fraught with moral hazards. It sometimes deepens the inferiority complex of those whose pride is already in a sad state of deterioration. It may promote that most despicable disease, the "gimme's."

The most effective way to distribute old clothes is to sell them at an exceedingly moderate price! Some will object to this statement, but they are approaching it from the point of view of the donor rather than the recipient. Take the matter of getting the right garment to the right person. When gifts are being distributed the tendency is to be

polite and take whatever may be forthcoming, regardless of whether it fits or is really needed. When a little money changes hands on the transaction more pains are taken in the selection, and the chances are that clothes which have been purchased will be used more wisely than those which are "grabbed." In addition there is the priceless factor of the self-respect of the recipient. The more deserving the person, the more care should we take at this point. If they have no money, they usually have an abundance of time. In place of an outright gift, it is a

Mountain boys looking for some "sneaks" in the used clothing store at Pleasant Hill, Tennessee

simple matter to ask some service in return.

There remain, of course, situations when the clothes should properly be a gift—particularly when there are small children or sickness. But in such cases the recipient should not be the judge of the situation, nor the instigator of the gift! Anyone who understands human nature will appreciate the reason. It is too easy a way to secure something. What actually happens is that unscrupulous parties get hold of the names of people in our churches and write them heart-rending letters asking for help. As the response is likely to be in proportion to the need depicted, a premium is put upon an exercise of the imagination which does not stop with the truth. Such appeals should never be responded to directly. Not only does such giving miss the mark of the greatest need, it encourages dishonesty and the sin of self-pity. It is strongly urged that anyone who receives a begging letter from a lay person on any of our home mission fields send the letter at once, either to the local pastor or the head of a school, or to the Board of Home Missions at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City, for investigation. It is also recommended that all names and addresses be removed from clothes and other material sent to the field. This may seem harsh, but it is necessary to prevent exploitation of our constituency on the one hand and the moral deterioration of the people whom we seek to help on the other.

In actual practice old clothes are distributed through our schools and churches by both sale and direct gift, depending upon circumstances. When sold, prices are adjusted to both the financial and spiritual state of the purchaser.

Pleasant Hill Academy, Victor Obenhaus, director, at Pleasant Hill, Tennessee, maintains a store which, in addition to helping the mountain people to clothe themselves at a price which they can pay, brings in several thousand dollars a year, which help mightily in the support of the school.

Although the regular school work of Dorchester Academy is being taken over by the public schools, the used clothing store is being operated by a local committee, which is incidentally learning much about community coöperation. Supplies may be sent to Mrs. Mary Smith, Box 15, McIntosh, Georgia. A regular salesroom is also maintained at Tougaloo College, Tougaloo, Mississippi.

Other institutions through which clothes are distributed by sale or gift are:

Cotton Valley School, Mrs. A. B. Donaldson, director, Fort Davis, Alabama; Lincoln School, Wilfred Gamble, director, Marion,

They are still building log cabins in the Southern Highlands

Alabama; Trinity School, J. T. Wright, director, Athens, Alabama; Thorsby Institute, Miss Helen Jenkins, director, Thorsby, Alabama; Fessenden Academy, Miss Josie Sellers, director, Martin, Florida; Southern Union College, Ross Ensminger, president, Wadley, Alabama; Tillotson College, Miss Mary Branch, president, Austin, Texas; Dillard University (men's suits, coats, sweaters, shoes) New Orleans, Louisiana; Chandler Community, W. J. King, director, 548 Georgetown Street, Lexington, Kentucky; Fort Berthold Indian Mission, Harold Case, director, Elbowoods, North Dakota; Dakota Indian Parish, Rudolf Hertz, director, Eagle Butte, South Dakota.

Many home missionary pastors are in daily contact with families that have a desperate time clothing their children. A coat here and a pair of shoes there will work wonders with juvenile morale. No child wants to go to school in tatters. Assistance with their wardrobes is one way to help young people go to high school and even college. It would be a violation of confidence to reveal the names of the men through which this personal service is rendered, but if you feel the impulse to help, write to Mrs. Mary D. White, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and she will introduce you to pastors who will welcome you as fellow conspirators in the noble business of doing good by stealth.

Some of the children at the dedication

On South Africa's Gold Reef

A GOOD time was had by all!" The children got cold drinks and buns; the European visitors drank tea in the mayor's parlor at the town hall, and the Honorable J. H. Hofmeyr, Minister of Finance and Education in the Union Government of South Africa, had a beautiful kaross draped over his shoulders. A kaross is not as sinister as it sounds; it is an African travelling rug made of skins—and no mean gift.

This is the story of a golden example of coöperation on the Gold Reef. Three mission schools (the American Board, the Berlin Lutheran and the Pilgrim Holiness) have been amalgamated into one in the enterprising town of Brakpan on the eastern end of the Reef. This represents coöperation between a municipality, a government and a province, as well as between these missions.

The native people of Brakpan long urged the municipal authorities to give them a school. Finally our mission was invited to start one. For ten years it has been housed in a community hall which early became so crowded that the overflow was taken into a church. By 1938 the Brakpan School-in-the-hall had some 250 children and a half dozen teachers with five classes in one room competing for attention. Result—bedlam. "Nobody but Africans could have learned or taught anything under such conditions," says James Dexter Taylor.

Just before he went on furlough in 1938 he maneuvered the mayor and town clerk and a couple of

Johannesburg notables at the dedication of the new school

members of the town council into the school. They saw—and heard —what was happening! His leaven worked!

Today there stands an amalgamated native school in Brakpan, housed in a new building with classrooms for each teacher and with swings and seesaws on a playground. "The Provincial Education Department, anxious to encourage the municipality as an example to others, yielded to my entreaties for enough equipment grant to make possible a supply of really modern desks for every room and it cost them $2500. "It's the best equipped native school on the Reef!" writes Dr. Taylor.

It was a happy day when Dr. Taylor, as the first superintendent of the amalgamated school, "led the lions" to the platform for the official opening. Among them was Honorable J. H. Hofmeyr, already mentioned, who has been described as "South Africa's great liberal statesman and friend of all good causes," who laid aside his pressing duties in the war cabinet to officiate at the opening of the building. Present also were the mayor, Gidley Moore, in his "mayoral" finest including his gold chain, and the deputy mayoress.

Dr. Taylor made the speech of thanks—which may or may not have been considered a mistake by some of his hearers, because the wily missionary took this opportunity to point out that the new building would house only 500 children in the Standards while there were nearly as many of the Junior Department in the Sub-Standards still having classes in church buildings. He also frankly warned them of future agitation for another similar building.

Seeds in the Cumberlands

By Harold Wiley Freer

SEVERAL years ago, Abram Nightingale, pastor of our church at Crossville, Tennessee, discovered that many of the families living back from the highways lacked seed for their gardens. Five dollars worth of seeds would provide most of their sustenance for a year, but they just did not have the necessary money. A paragraph or two in our publications produced both a deluge of seeds and enough money to buy those which were too bulky to be shipped from the north—potato, onion and bean. Eight families received seeds. Together with their numerous children they worked faithfully both in the field and in the kitchen. An abundance of wild blackberries supplemented the vegetables. The result was an ample supply of canned food for the winter.

Three summers ago I drove six miles north of Crossville and walked a mile and a half through tick-infested brush to be the guest of two young lads who were proud to show me their garden, which was on a knoll across the creek. The absence of weeds revealed the care which it had received. Several shelves of canned vegetables had already been prepared by the mother and sisters to provide winter nourishment for a family of eleven.

Mr. Nightingale gradually expanded his seed distribution until it was providing for twenty families. Yet that was too few to meet the real need. Then he turned his attention to the problem of noonday lunches for the small rural schools of Cumberland County. The children often brought with them nothing more than a cold ear of corn and a piece of bread.

Some of Mr. Nightingale's onions

In the Tennessee mountains the schools open the first of August. For a couple of years the Cold Springs school had closed in December because the children had stopped coming. Three years ago Miss Margaret Bandy became teacher—a former student at Piedmont College who had been in Student Summer Service. Under her leadership, with the assistance of Mr. Nightingale, a school garden was started which provided most of the materials for hot noonday lunches for the children. The school continued until the first of April, completing a full term. The women of the neighborhood helped with the lunches, while the men, with the aid of the W.P.A., built two outdoor toilets—the first in the history of the school.

The second year twelve schools had gardens. Mothers with dependent children and no means of support are certified to the W.P.A. to work these plots. They must furnish the land, pay for the plowing and fertilizer and provide the seed. Mr. Nightingale helps them with onion sets, potatoes and seeds and later in the summer with cans. In order that they may not be tempted to use the school garden produce for family consumption, they are required to work a large home garden as well. They are given training in the canning of vegetables and in the preparation of school lunches.

This summer the plan spread to twenty-two schools. The growing season was late, but both good weather and rain came at the right time and the harvest was more bountiful than any which has yet been gathered: 150 bushels of onions, 500 bushels of potatoes and 25,000 cans of vegetables. This winter hot lunches are being served in thirty schools. Most of the children get a better meal at noon than at home. Attendance is high, interest is increasing and the community is proud.

Three times the women who work the gardens have met in our church at Crossville. Last August the county supervisor of the Home Bureau gave demonstrations of canning and drying and outlined the proper methods for storing both canned and dried foods. The county health officer shared in the discussion of the proper handling of the lunches from the health angle. The county superintendent of schools presented the aims of the hot lunch program and led in the discussion of coöperation between teachers, parents and school officials.

Mr. Nightingale has shared in promoting this movement and has been responsible in large measure for the most essential ingredient—the seeds. In this he has had the help of many friends in our churches. The whole story is one of county-wide coöperation encouraged by the church.

Foreign Flashes

Dangerous Living

Few folks in America realize the actual physical hardships and dangers run by our missionaries in many lands. The missionaries don't harp on such factors. It is part of the day's work for them. But during the past year or so, many have had to travel through bandit-infested areas of China with large sums of relief money. Harold W. Robinson, of Tehsien, tells of seeing three young men with long spears enter the room in a village home, as he was about to retire. "Night watchmen," he thought sleepily, knowing the village had no guns. At 4.30 he was up and ready to start off. The young men were still with him. They had come, he found, for the *one purpose* of protecting *him!*

Our Grandchildren Again

Out of pathetically limited resources the "Bantu Congregational Church of the American Board" of South Africa is supporting a *Foreign Missionary* in Portuguese East Africa. This promising young man gave up his South Africa church to pioneer. He already has a congregation of over 300. They have asked James Dexter Taylor to help raise money for a badly needed church-and-school building there. If he does not succeed fairly promptly the building privilege will pass to a sister communion, the Roman Catholic Church in East Africa.

Make Missionaries of Your Old Books

Dean James F. McKinley of the College of Theology, Silliman University, Dumaguete, Philippine Islands, reports delivering to a Filipino pastor a book for which he had paid his cash income for a month. There is a great need for secondhand religious books of good quality in the Philippine Islands. "Surely there are ministers and others in the United States who have kept old copies of *Christendom* and religious book-of-the-month club volumes, or who would be willing to buy secondhand copies of the Lyman Beecher lecture series and send them by parcel post to us," writes Dean McKinley. Such books will be used for reference in the seminary, will go into the circulating department of the library, and will be given, when these needs have been met, as direct gifts to ministers. The address is James F. McKinley, Negros Or, Dumaguete, Philippine Islands.

Is Your Bible Dusty?

In spite of a great jump in price due to increased cost of publication in war times, people in China are clamoring for Bibles. "We simply can't get enough to supply the demand," reports Philip H. Dutton, of Taiku, Shansi, China. "People are paying out their hard earned money in these difficult times because the Bibles meet a genuine need which nothing else will satisfy. It makes one rather ashamed of the many Bibles gathering dust in so many American homes."

This Strange World We Live In

So thoroughly has war and its horrible way of life gripped the world that when the most matter-of-fact reports come in of repairs or additions made to property in the mission field, there follows a phrase like this: "Two adjoining caves in the rock on our hospital grounds have been enlarged and connected so as to form an air-raid shelter." From all over the world our missionaries write, whether in countries actually at war or in the danger zone, of preparations being made for protection in case of bombings.

Back to Spartan Living

The future belongs to God and neither totalitarian dictatorship, or unbridled individualism, nor ideals divorced from concrete reality can long endure." This is the belief of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel H. Leger, as they sailed back to Shaowu, China, to rejoin the staff of refugee Fukien Christian University. "We claim a share in building the coöperative commonwealth of mankind under the leadership of Christ Himself." The Legers, like the other missionaries in Shaowu, and similar areas, will burn wood or charcoal, read by kerosene lights, sleep in beds with board or canvas bottoms under mosquito nets which are the substitutes for screens in that malaria-infested region.

A Poignant Paragraph

A missionary from Japan who visited occupied China writes: "To our sorrow we have learned that a people can be loved and hated and that we can be of two minds and hearts. We have known and loved the Japanese here for nearly twenty-five years and over in China for a few days, yet have no answer to the baffling mystery. What we saw awakens the desire more than ever to try to show them the only Love that can teach the way to peace in East Asia. It seems an almost impossible task, but our faith is not dead and we still have courage."

We Carry On in the Far East

By Wynn C. Fairfield

On September 27, 1940, the treaty formally linking Japan with the European Axis was signed. Its purpose was clearly to discourage the United States from taking an active part in hostilities in either Europe or East Asia.

The United States responded with measures indicating that this country did not intend to change its Pacific policy. It extended the embargo against scrap iron and iron products for Japan. A few days later our consuls in Japan, China, Hongkong and Indo-China advised women, children and men whose presence was not essential to return to America, and our government arranged for three extra steamers to call at East Asia ports. When Japan signed a treaty with the Wang Ching-wei regime in penetrated China, the United States immediately announced new credits to China totaling $100,000,000. Since then, it has extended the list of exports subject to license and embargo. Newspapers have reported strengthening of the naval forces in the Philippines by a cruiser, twelve submarines and a considerable number of airplanes.

President Roosevelt's fireside chat on December 29 gave no indication of any weakening of our Pacific policy and made it plain that America regards its problem and its policy in Europe and in East Asia as one. Japan's appointment of Admiral Nomura as ambassador to America shows a desire to settle direct Japanese-American questions amicably, but the address of Foreign Minister Matsuoka at a farewell luncheon makes it plain that this does not involve any weakening in Japan's purpose to claim unrestricted freedom of action in creating its New Order in Greater East Asia.

Obviously this situation has created new problems for our missionaries in Japan and China. Heretofore their status has been that of citizens of a neutral nation, which has permitted them to remain and carry on their work during hostilities, as far as conditions permitted. Our government's advice that they be brought home looks forward to a possible situation in which Americans may be treated as enemy aliens in all territory under Japanese control.

The American Board, in consultation with other mission boards, has interpreted this as calling for caution rather than alarm. It first suggested and then advised that mothers with children and those not in vigorous health in North China and Japan follow the advice of the State Department. (Foochow and Shaowu were omitted because not under Japanese control.) In both areas there was so little

cause for anxiety that the missionaries were reluctant to follow this advice. In North China, so long as their presence is an asset rather than a liability to their Chinese associates, those able to do active work desire to remain with them. Only four mothers with children and one invalid have come to America, while sixty missionaries are remaining on the field and thirteen are in America for normal reasons.

In Japan, the increasing tension with America is more obvious than in North China. As the government, as well as churches and institutions, desires our missionaries to remain and continue their service, possibly in slightly modified forms, it is hard to consider leaving the country. Up to December 30 three mothers with young children, three women and a man not very well (with his family), a woman whose sister was not well and an associate missionary have decided to leave the country. Of these, one woman has accepted a temporary appointment in India and another is working among Japanese in Honolulu. Twenty-one missionaries remain in Japan, of whom one family may come home, while ten missionaries are in America for normal reasons, two of whom are prevented from sailing back by passport restrictions.

The few missionaries holding administrative positions in education have resigned their offices. For many years missionaries had not carried administrative responsibilities in the churches. The directors of the Osaka Neighborhood House refused to accept Mr. Moran's resignation as head worker. (Such social centers are under a different department of government from schools and churches.) Earlier reports that British and American teachers could teach only English are reported to be inaccurate. Unless a break between Japan and the United States becomes very imminent, there seems no compelling reason why all active missionaries should not continue their work. Even if such a contingency should arise many missionaries in both Japan and North China would prefer to remain as long as they were permitted to do so.

The General Council Goes to Dartmouth

By vote of the Executive Committee, the next meeting of the General Council will be held in June of 1942 on the campus of Dartmouth College at Hanover, New Hampshire. June in "the north country" is incomparable for beauty. The college has eating and sleeping accommodations for 2,000 people. The Church of Christ at Dartmouth College is an ideal spot for worship, while the natural amphitheatre among the pines will invite the orators to do their best.

Dust, rather than beauty, marks the main street at Grants, N. M.

For the Sons and Daughters of the Desert

GRANTS, NEW MEXICO, is a place where engines, motors and men pause for refreshment in the midst of a dry and weary land. One hundred miles to the east lies Albuquerque, sixty miles to the west is Gallup. In between there is nothing. And so the trains on the Santa Fe stop for coal and water, while the men and motors on U. S. Highway 66 seek fuel, food and drink. Such towns have only one street, and that none too inspiring.

At Grants our churches maintain a little hospital which is presided over by Dr. J. L. Cornelius. So limited are its facilities that patients sometimes convalesce in mixed company with nothing between men and women patients but a screen.

We also have in Grants a Spanish-speaking church of which C. E. Ballesteros is the pastor. A young woman from Brooklyn who visited it last summer writes: "A quick glance around the church which is neat and yet in need of many things gave me the feeling of humble and sincere worship. Here was a house of God—no stained glass windows to fill one with awe, the altar's

only symbol a wooden cross, no cushioned pews, no lofty organ to lift one's soul to heights unknown, but just a country church where men and women in the desert country meet to worship God."

Last summer Pearl Walrath was appointed extension worker under the Board of Home Missions for the Spanish-speaking churches of the Southwest. She has spent considerable time in Grants. She writes:

"There are no amusements in this town except a small dance hall and several pool rooms and saloons. Our young people do not attend any of these places. When I asked what they did for recreation they answered, 'We take walks and read.' We older ones know that this is not adequate recreation for young people. They can hardly be expected to sit around all winter with nothing to do.

"For years our church has had little social life. There are only a few broken plates and cups and no kitchen utensils whatever. We should be having regular Pilgrim Fellowship dinners but this is not so convenient when everyone must bring his own dishes."

A recreational room about twenty by twenty has been secured but there is need of equipment. Miss Walrath writes, "We could use some folding tables which can be taken down and placed against the wall when not needed. We are planning on putting tables in three of the corners and a stove in the fourth. Dr. Cornelius has given me a floor lamp from the hospital which is not in use. With a couple of table lamps we can have a cozy room for the ten below zero weather which is predicted for winter. Recently I gathered up some toys for the little tots from the people in Albuquerque—a doll's folding table and ironing board, a large ball, one cloth doll and some other things. When we get the tables we will want something to put on them, such as Chinese checkers and similar games. Small chairs would also be gratefully received."

If you wish to help the young people of Grants, gifts may be sent to Rev. C. E. Ballesteros, Grants, New Mexico.

C. E. Ballesteros, pastor at Grants, is also a harpist

Under Three Flags in Ponape

By Clarence F. McCall

THE need of dentistry and a little vacation led to a visit to the island of Ponape, thirty hours by boat from Kusaie. Under Spanish rule soldiers came occasionally to suppress native insurrections. While the Germans held sway, from the Spanish-American War to the first World War, the island was ruled by half a dozen officials. Today thousands of Japanese are building in modern ways.

In a day long past Spanish priests and nuns secured possession of a splendid property which originally belonged to the American Board. During the German occupancy (1900–1914) another site was secured and the work was transferred to German missionaries who were able to continue to carry on for the first five years of Japanese rule before the Treaty of Versailles. The Mandate called for a continuation of missionary work. In order to relate that work to the new mandate power, twenty years ago individual pastors and laymen of the Kumiai (Congregational) Churches of Japan organized a society with considerable government subsidy, which sent missionaries to share responsibility with the Germans on the Island of Truk and to take over the Protestant work on Ponape.

Ponape's Protestant Cathedral

The Japanese pioneers on Ponape were Rev. and Mrs. Kinzo Tanaka. They are now assisted by their son, Etaro Tanaka who spent five years in America and is a graduate of the Pacific School of Religion, and his wife who spent her childhood on the island before going to college in Tokyo. The Tanakas conduct a girls' school which combines Home Economics with instruction in Bible and music. Their fifty girls are an inspiration at the church services. The fifteen native pastors of the island meet monthly for confer-

Etaro Tanaka and his bride are helping his father on Ponape

ence and training. The new concrete cathedral set in the midst of spacious grounds will serve for generations as a center of worship for the island people.

When our American Board missionaries first came to the island they planted the best grove of cocoanut trees in these parts. The Germans and Japanese both added to the number of trees until there is work for the boys every afternoon and a goodly amount of money is realized from the sale of copra. No buildings have come down from the American Board days, but some American pine brought down by one of the "Morning Stars" and used in one of the old houses, which was rebuilt first to suit a German family and then in accordance with the ideas of their Japanese successors, sheltered me from the tropical sun and the nocturnal storms during my stay on the island.

The native Christians do not carry dates very well in their minds, but they know who was their last American Board missionary. I was led to a well-kept grave with a modest stone bearing the name "Annette Palmer, 1884–1906" and the inscription in German, Ponapean and English, "Faithful unto death." The years are those of her missionary service in Ponape, her real "life." She was born in 1857. Hers was the grave of an American missionary, marked by a German but cared for by a Japanese.

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Camera News

By
Dorothy P. Cushing

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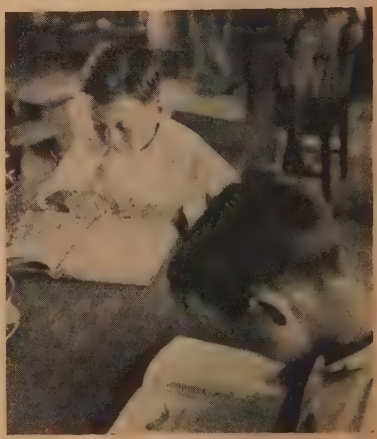
TRYING TO PUT OVER A HOT ONE!

At least that is what Rev. Ernest T. Shaw, Vice Principal of Yu Ying Academy, Peking, North China, suggests is happening to these young editors of the school annual—and he ought to know! Present enrollment 2700! Every possible corner of the school plant is used and classes are overcrowded.

A STUDY IN CONCENTRATION

Two of the younger Yu Ying boys studying in the library. Apparently so deeply interested that the camerman is not noticed. But we wouldn't swear that the young gentlemen aren't pretty good actors!



ARE WE DOWNHEARTED?

Three boys from Jefferson Academy, Tunghsien, North China, now students at Yenching University, Peking. Rev. Harry S. Martin writes that they are all active in Christian work. Yenching University in its fourth war year is rendering a great and unique educational service in China.

THEY HOPE FOR A NEW CHURCH

This is the entrance to Yenchiao Church, 20 miles northeast of Peking. The picture is taken from the porch of a medicine shop. The members of this church are working hard to raise funds for a new building. Now they hold services in a schoolroom, a place crowded and lacking the atmosphere of worship.

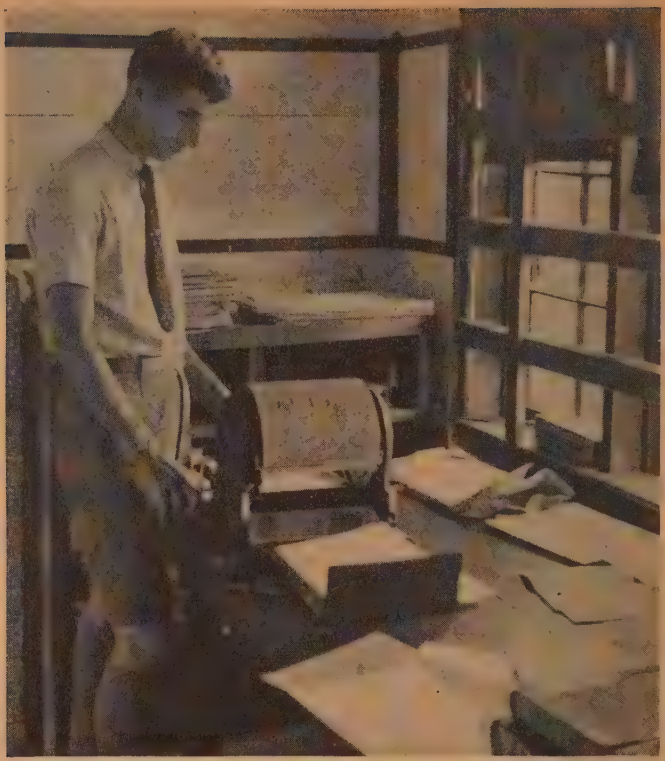


Photo by Arthur J. Orner

MET THE CHALLENGE

There are ten churches in the East Africa Association but only two ordained African pastors and three trained evangelists. They asked for a missionary to be set aside for full-time church visitation. The East Africa mission appointed Rev. John S. Marsh of Mt. Silinda—appointed him on faith not knowing how they would raise funds for his travel.

When the African church realized the problem they voted $100 out of their pathetically meagre means toward this expense. The mission hoped to raise the rest some way.

Mr. Marsh is here shown running a mimeograph. A missionary has to know how to do *anything* at *any time!*

TURKISH NIGHTINGALES

Miss Dora F. Shank, R.N., superintendent of nurses in the American Hospital, Istanbul, Turkey, giving a lesson in bandaging to Turkish nurses in training. This is the hospital of which Dr. Lorrin A. Shepard is the head.

GREETINGS, GOOD FRIENDS

from the Philippine Islands. Rev. and Mrs. Walter C. Tong of Davao, Philippine Islands, and three young Tongs, left to right, Annarae, Eloise and Curtis Whitfield.

Among the Italians in Brooklyn

By Alice Cobb

BROOKLYN is a great gangling arm of New York City. We have our beautiful houses, and our skyscrapers, our water fronts and our dead ends, just the same as New York. Some forty years ago the Fourth Place neighborhood was the most elegant part of Brooklyn. Prominent statesmen and millionaires lived in brownstone fronts with formal gardens stretching back from wide, quiet streets.

Eventually this became the large Italian district of the city. The brownstone fronts still present an imposing appearance—but behind them hundreds of families camp together, and they are terribly poor!

We shall begin our trip by getting off the subway at Carrol Street. A faint nauseous odor comes from the gas tank, which towers at the end of the street and casts a shadow over the whole area. Across the street is a tumbledown row of brick shacks. On the street floor are small shops and beer joints and pool rooms. Above are broken windows. The building on the corner, entirely boarded up, looks as if it had been deserted for years. We discovered by accident that this is a sweatshop where little children work long hours pasting petals on paper flowers of brilliant hue.

Last year at Christmas time we noticed that our little Sonny Esposito was looking even more pale and old than life on city streets would warrant. We learned that Sonny had been going to the factory every day, except when he came to the Chapel, to work in the factory, and was saving the few pennies he had earned to buy his baby sister, Philomene, a new winter coat. Yet Sonny, who is eight, has never in his life had an overcoat for the winter.

Our gloomy little Chapel is plain and dark and old. The windows on the first floor are covered with chicken wire, obviously to protect the glass from stones thrown from the street. There is no grass in front—only a small plot of bare ground. I have liked it more since I found that this space is used for games, ball, folk dancing, relays, healthy play that keeps our children off the busy streets.

Inside you enter a dark hallway, where the plaster is falling.

This is not really bad, because the plaster gives way to prancing feet on the stairway. It means that the building is used—hard! The kitchen is a cold little room at one side, but it is beautiful compared with the kitchen we knew a year ago. The office on the right is lined with cupboards which could tell an interesting story of handwork, play, and study. The gymnasium is a vast room that is never warm. We keep moving, and try not to notice the cold.

But Mrs. De Benedetto is coming in with a tale of woe. We will go to her house, but not for long. It is five flights up, a "cold water walk-up" flat. The whole family is crowded into the front room. The other rooms have no windows. The baby is sick with pneumonia and has a fever of 103. The father has rheumatism. The place is cold because there is no coal and the relief check has not come this month. Likewise there is nothing to eat because the grocery store will grant no further credit, knowing full well that the bill can never be paid. The truant officer has come to summon Mrs. De Benedetto to court because Tony has missed school. There is no carfare for him. Josephine cannot go outside the house because she is ashamed of her clothes. And Mrs. De Benedetto herself is suffering with a tumor.

They are not quite so badly off as the Meolas who are ten and

After school the boys get their boxes and look for work

live on $55. a month in a basement. Three of the family have rheumatic fever from the dampness.

We might visit Mrs. Perdito at the Federal Housing project. Here our people can have clean, comfortable apartments, with heat and light furnished for an incredibly small rent. Mrs. Perdito has an ailing husband. I have never known whether he is really ill, or enjoys poor health. She has four children to care for—and only one hand. She presses upon us a bowl of spaghetti, and wraps up a piece of Italian cake for us to take home. It is made without vanilla, for

Mrs. Perdito has only one hand and yet here is one of her windows in the Red Hook Housing project

that is a luxury. She ties the string in a bowknot, which is a weird and wonderful thing to watch. She does everything about her house with this one hand. She asks the Blessed Virgin to take care of us and is grateful for our visit, or for anything to break the sad monotony of her life.

Back to the Chapel the scene has changed swiftly. It is after school and the grim dark halls and rooms are echoing with happy laughter—basketball in the gymnasium, a sewing class upstairs, a cooking class down in the kitchen, folk dancing out in front—a buzz and a hum, singing and shouting.

I have wondered what our tiny center can do about the social evils all around us—poverty, sickness, unhappiness, religious prejudice towering like the gas tank above our city block. We have no money, space or staff to carry on a large and effective educational program. Our answer to the question is very simple.

We are poor and our people are poor. We make our mutual poverty a practical demonstration of independence and self-reliance. We are learning together the lesson of self-respect in the face of poverty. Our very lack of everything has opened the way to a sound method of social

education. We are learning how to take care of ourselves because we must.

Our Italian mothers were the first to point this out to me. At our first meeting last year (they speaking Italian, I English, with an interpreter between us) I explained to them very seriously why the Chapel would be different in the future, why for the time being we could have no kindergarten, why everything we should do would be on a small scale. It was because we had $1000 less than the year before. Through the interpreter they told me, "The Chapel has always helped us, and we're not going to let the Chapel down now. Just let us see what we can do." Every week each one brought five cents out of her nothingness. One night they had an Italian spaghetti dinner for which we sold tickets. They earned money enough to buy two quarts of paint. One of the fathers painted the kitchen. They made curtains and finally had two dollars for linoleum. Mr. Somma repaired the stove. And at last we could start the cooking class! They scrubbed and they waxed and they sewed. Whenever something needed to be done, they were there to help us do it. And the mothers' club, they said, had a better time than ever.

Self-help proved as interesting

Here are about a third of the children in one of the chapel families

to the boys and girls as to their mothers. The smallest children gave a "Trip to Toyland" show, selling the tickets themselves. The intermediate girls did folk dances which their mothers had learned in Sicily. They made costumes such as their mothers had worn. Presently they had a beautiful folk program of their own.

The high school group produced a play about an immigrant family, typical of most of their own, that came from Europe expecting to be rich and comfortable. But in South Brooklyn there was no money, and there were few helpful friends. In the end the old father, who never could understand the customs of the new world, returned to the old country, but the boys of the family determined to stay on and learn how to be real Americans. The play was called "Reunion and Sorrow—and Happiness."

Last year our children earned nearly a hundred dollars, an amazing thing. They did all this work, not each for himself, but altogether for the Chapel.

Our great problem is religious. We are a Protestant mission to an Italian Catholic group. It is our belief that religion is life, and all that we can learn in the direction of being self-sustaining and coöperative, and understanding each other has to do directly with religion. But we must go farther than this. We dare not and we would not say to our children that their traditional religion is wrong, and that ours is right. We are not so much concerned that they become Congregational Church members, or even Protestants. We are deeply concerned that they become intelligent and fearless Christian people. We are trying to give them courage to think, to teach them how to *think*. They will very soon find what to think for themselves. Independent thought about religious matters is in direct contradiction to the teaching they have had at church and at school. In this way, if you please, we proselytize. But in this way only, as we try to make them able to study what they have and believe what they believe with conviction rather than from superstitition or habit.

We are a noisy, disorderly crowd. Our staff, with one or two exceptions, is untrained. Last year they were all volunteers. We are *not* clear in our thinking and planning. We are confused because we too are groping. But we are not groping backward.

I believe that any institution, however small and crowded back by the tremendous power of rich institutions, federal projects and the like, which still has so great a hold on its members that they will give everything they have of devotion and effort to keep it—that institution has a value with meaning for the outside world as well as for its own small circle.

Big Sam Coles

(*Continued from page 8*)

farmers some seventy-five tons of seed corn and wheat and five hundred plows.

Before he went to Africa in 1922 under the American Board, Mr. Coles served at home and in France with the Army during the first World War. One reason he was so determined to dare any travel danger and get home to the United States on this furlough, he said on his arrival in Boston, was so that he could again offer his services to Uncle Sam should the need arise.

Sam Coles did two amazing things last year. He built a hospital in the jungle and he constructed an adequate water system in the bush.

"How long did it take you to build the hospital?" he was asked.

"Just twelve months," was his reply.

Listen to this: Sam Coles had only native helpers. He had to make and burn all his bricks and tiles. He had to go into virgin forest and pit saw his own trees. He had to bring them back with oxen. Every piece of wood, doors, windows, everything, *was planed by hand*. There was no machinery. Today in the heart of Angola stands the Willis F. Pierce Memorial Hospital of two stories, a charming, efficient building constructed of white burnt brick and African red wood.

And the water system? That is Sam's pet and pride. Since its founding the mission has had to bring all its water from the river, a half mile away. Wells! said Sam. Wells! And wells were dug. All by hand they were dug. Forty feet down, with tanks for storage into which school boys regularly pump the necessary quantity of water.

The background story of this American Negro who has made history among the Ovimbundus has epic qualities. Born in Tilden, Alabama, Samuel Coles was twenty before he had any formal education. He earned his living from the age of fourteen sweating in logging camps, on railroads and in blacksmith shops and dairies. When Sam Coles determined to get an education he worked his way through grammar, high and college. He made gridiron history in the South when he played tackle and center on the Talladega College eleven.

Now that Sam Coles is on furlough he plans to do some graduate work at Howard University, Washington, D. C. He will also continue research in agriculture and visit various bureaus for technical consultation. He wants to brush up on his theological and Bible training.

But Sam Coles doesn't need any training in theology to show the Ovimbundus—and everyone else he meets—what is meant by Christianity in action. HE IS IT.

Dedication of Merom Buildings

By Thomas Alfred Tripp

EIGHT new buildings were dedicated at Merom Rural Life Institute, Merom, Indiana, on November 10. These structures were erected to replace the building destroyed by fire last year. They include six cottages for boys, a guest house and the Asa Dutton Holt Hall.

Asa Dutton Holt Hall is a larger building housing the dining room, kitchen, community laundry and caretaker's quarters. It was named in honor of the father of Professor Arthur E. Holt.

The cottages each provide sleeping room for eight boys. They will be especially useful during the series of young people's summer conferences each year.

The guest house is a modern, four-room building for the use of the continuous procession of speakers, conference faculty and other visitors who come to Merom for various events.

The new buildings are made of cement blocks which were manufactured by the Merom Coöperative, the self-help project at the Institute. The construction has been conducted on a cash basis and very economically. Director Shirley E. Greene announced the fact that a number of cottages for girls and additional guest houses will be built as soon as funds are available.

The dedication address was given by Professor Holt following a sermon by the writer. Dr. Gwylyn Isaac, Terre Haute, chairman of the committee on buildings and grounds of the Merom Institute Board of Trus-

Asa Dutton Holt Hall at Merom

Outdoor amphitheatre for discussions at Merom Rural Life Institute

tees, made the presentation of the buildings which were accepted by Superintendent Simon A. Bennett for Indiana Conference, Superintendent Walter C. Giersbach for Illinois Conference and Dwight J. Bradley for the Council for Social Action.

The members of the Town and Country Committee of the Home Missions Council and the Federal Council of Churches were guests at the services since this group was in session at Merom during the week-end. Other visitors were present from several middle western states.

An encouraging feature of the dedication services was the evidence of the hearty support being given the Institute by local Merom people. Another item of interest is to be found in the naming of the cottages for famous pioneer leaders of the Christian Church of the area. Considerable interest was shown by the visitors in the new out-door theatre constructed last summer by the youth work camp.

The new cottages at Merom

With the completion of the new buildings the Institute is again in a position to carry forward its very useful program which has continued at full pace during the past year, notwithstanding the shortage of space. It is expected that both the local and extension program will increase by reason of the new equipment.

Conference on Christian Work Among Moslems

By Prof. E. E. Calverley

A Conference on Christian Work among Moslems was held at the Hartford Seminary Foundation on November 29, 30, 1940. Dr. Fred Field Goodsell, chairman of the Provisional Representative Committee on Work for Moslems of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, presided over the four sessions of this Conference.

The fifty delegates who attended included the secretaries and Board members of missionary societies, professors of missions and missionaries. The papers that were presented had been carefully prepared and were thoroughly discussed.

The main theme of all was the Christian approach to Islam in view of present and prospective world conditions.

The Conference was valuable to the delegates and the societies they represented in that it afforded opportunities for the interchange of information from those who had special acquaintance with the situations in various countries. Further, responsible mission leaders and authorities on Islam presented the convictions and results of years of experience and study on the subject of Christian and Moslem relations.

Some of these papers are to appear in *The Moslem World* quarterly.*

The Conference also revealed the need and value of close and continued coöperation on the part of those interested in the promotion of Christian work among Moslems. It is probable that a permanent organization for that purpose will be formed.

**Subscriptions to "The Moslem World" should be sent to Professor E. E. Calverley, Hartford School of Missions, Hartford, Connecticut. Price $2.00. Editor*

Talladega's Dean

NEARLY seventy-five years old, Talladega College has had a slow and steady growth. It was not until 1925 that the enrolment of the college outnumbered that of the high school department. Half of the living holders of the Bachelor's degree have graduated in the admin-

Dean Cater

stration of the present president, Buell G. Gallagher, who went to Talladega in 1933.

The educational preeminence of the institution, built up in the last quarter century, is due in very large measure to the far-visioned leadership of Dean James Tate Cater, who is now in his twenty-third year as Dean of Talladega. A man of calm judgment and incisive insight, he is possessed also of patience and tolerance. To a unique degree he commands the willing coöperation of his colleagues. He has led the faculty and the trustees in three successive progressively liberalizing revisions of the curriculum. A trained mathematician, he also knows the fields of Education and of Personnel well.

The basic strength of Mr. Cater lies in the fact that he knows what he wants to do—and why. Without forcing his point of view on others (and, indeed, often modifying his opinions in discussion with colleagues), he is able to give clear and satisfying leadership to educational pioneering. This strength is not accidental. He is trained for it. He is a graduate of the old Atlanta University (in his student day an American Missionary Association school like Talladega), is graduated also from Harvard University, and has studied at the Universities of Chicago and Wisconsin.

But training alone would not account for his strength of character and persuasiveness of spirit. That goes even deeper into the kind of person he is. Few men are faced with a decision which was his to make. As a young man he was free to choose whether he wished to be known as a Negro or as a white man. He made his decision, and has given himself to the furtherance of the race with whom he identified himself. The kind of basic integrity implied in the making of that decision—and exhibited in the life-long adherence to that decision, once made—this kind of basic integrity is what lies at the heart of Mr. Cater's amazing educational leadership. He knows what is implied in making decisions, and in carrying them out. His is no opportunism. His is a leadership of principle.

When the history of the American Missionary Association is written, one of the names which will rank high in the list of those who made her work great is the name of James T. Cater, dean of Talladega, friendly and courageous champion of humanity, high minded and intelligent educational pioneer, thorough scholar and effective teacher, beloved and respected by students and colleagues, a man who knows what he wants and how to get it—and who wants what is best for all.

Mr. Cater has a charming wife and three fine children. Catherine, the eldest, graduated from Talladega in 1938. After earning the Master's degree in English (Creative Writing at the University of Michigan, and the degree of Bachelor of Science in Library Science from the same institution, she accepted the position of Circulation Librarian at Fisk University, where she is now serving. James, Jr. and Frank Sidney are in the high school and elementary school maintained by Talladega College as laboratory schools for teacher training.

For hobbies, Mr. Cater maintains a well stocked fish pool in his landscaped back garden, plays a keen game of chess, and enjoys nothing more than playing ball with his two youngsters in his own back yard.

Personals

Dr. Walter H. Judd, formerly of the North China Mission, has entered temporary private practice, believing it inadvisable and finding it now impossible to take his family back to any part of China. He has taken over the practice of a doctor friend who is being called into military service. His home address is 205 West Rustic Lodge, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Dr. Judd is credited with having done more than any other one man to arouse the sympathy with China in the United States reflected in the last Gallup Poll on embargoes.

The marriage of **Rev. Malcolm Vernon White,** pastor of the Macedonia (Georgia) Parish to Miss Phyllis Lee Kinsman took place at the Framingham Center (Massachusetts) church on December 26. Miss Kinsman graduated from Massachusetts State Teachers College last June. She attended the Pilgrim Fellowship meeting at Mills College and immediately thereafter went to Mt. Airy, Georgia, to teach in a junior high school. Mr. White is the son of Rev. Hugh Vernon White, D.D. of the American Board. He received his training at Harvard and at Union Seminary. He began his work in the Macedonia Parish last June, and was ordained October 30. His father officiated at the wedding, assisted by Rev. Roswell F. Hinkleman, pastor of the church.

Rev. Joseph Toms has left Ringer, Oklahoma, Congregational Church to accept a call to Clay Center, Nebraska.

Rev. W. M. Oakes has accepted a call to the Bethel Church of Edmonds, Oklahoma. Mr. Oakes has formerly served churches at

Carrier and Goltry, Oklahoma, and other fields.

Rev. Donald L. West became the new pastor of the Meansville Parish in Georgia on November 1. This parish consists of the First and Liberty churches at Meansville, and the churches at Crest and Woodbury. Mr. West was born at Ellijay, Georgia. He is married and has two children. He was ordained in 1932 by the Tennessee Congregational Conference. He comes to Georgia from the Congregational Church of Point Isabel, Ohio.

Rev. Charles J. Trcka has retired from the pastorate of the Slavic Church of St. Paul, Minnesota, after a pastorate of forty-four years. He has the oustanding record of being the pastor of but one church, having gone to St. Paul when he was ordained in 1896. Mr. Trcka is a native Czech. He was educated in Prague and in Oberlin Seminary.

Rev. Spurgeon J. Mayfield began the pastorate of the Trinity Church of Athens, Alabama, on November 22, 1940. He goes there from Wilmington, North Carolina, First Church. Prior to his pastorate in Wilmington, he was pastor at Corpus Christi, Texas, where he went shortly after his ordination in 1934. Mr. Mayfield is a native of Georgia; he was educated at Talladega College, Clark University and Gammon Theological Seminary. He is married and has one four-year-old child.

Rev. Sidney R. Smith began a pastorate at Talladega, Alabama, First Church on November 1. Mr. Smith has had previous pastorates in Meridian, Mississippi, and New Orleans, Louisiana, Beecher Church where he went shortly after his ordination in 1933. He is a native of Washington, D. C.; was educated in Howard University and Howard School of Religion. He is married and has three children.

Rev. B. J. Earp began a pastorate at the First Church of Albemarle, North Carolina, on December 1. Mr. Earp comes to Albemarle from pastorates in North Carolina and Virginia which covered a period of twenty-seven years. His last pastorate was at Ingram, Virginia.

Lieutenant Charles R. Plosser, twenty-three years old, the son of Dr. Arthur W. Dycer's secretary in the Pilgrim Congregational Church, Birmingham, Alabama, was killed in an airplane crash in Panama early in December. At the time of the accident he was flying one of three Army planes escorting five Brazilian craft from the United States to Brazil.

Our work in Louisiana has been strengthened recently by the appointment of **Miss Wanda Kuntz** of Kinder as an extension worker in that state. Reared on a Louisiana farm and having for years been under the spiritual guidance of Paul Leeds, our veteran missionary of the Kinder parish, Miss Kuntz has a clear understanding of the needs and opportunities in that area. She has completed her course at normal school, having majored in kindergarten and primary work and has received her A.B. degree. For a number of years she worked in Student Summer Service. Dramatic training and musical skill, as well as facility in handicraft work contribute to her effectiveness in the leadership of children and young people. Miss Kuntz is twenty-four years old.

Chronicle

FURLOUGHS AUTHORIZED

Rev. and Mrs. Richard S. Webb of the West Central Africa Mission, beginning in June, 1941.

Miss Mary W. Hurlbut of the West Central Africa Mission, beginning in the autumn of 1941.

SAILED FOR THE FIELD

Rev. and Mrs. William H. Topping sailed from San Francisco, January 10, returning to the Foochow Mission.

ARRIVALS ON THE FIELD

Dr. and Mrs. William L. Nute, in Talas, Turkey, in October, returning to the Near East Mission.

Mr. John S. Burns, Jr., in Tarsus, Turkey, in October, joining the staff of the American College.

Rev. and Mrs. Robbins Strong and **Miss Ethel Lovatt, R.N.,** in Peking, China, October 2, joining the North China Mission.

Miss Margaret G. Hammaker, in Bombay, India, October 21, returning to the Marathi Mission.

Miss Ivy E. Craig and **Miss Louise F. Torrence,** in Mt. Silinda, South Rhodesia, Africa, November 3, returning to the East Africa Mission.

Miss Charlotte M. Brenneman, in Inanda, South Africa, November 6, joining the South Africa Mission.

Miss Bertha H. Allen in Foochow, December 27, returning to the Foochow Mission; **Rev. and Mrs. E. Walter Smith,** joining the Foochow Mission.

ARRIVALS FROM THE FIELD

Miss Edith Curtis of Osaka, Japan, in Honolulu, December 3.

Mrs. Floyd L. Roberts of Nagoya, Japan, in Los Angeles, December 6.

Miss Clara D. Loomis of Kyoto, Japan, in Los Angeles, December 6.

Mrs. William P. Woodard of Osaka, Japan, in San Francisco, December 13.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel B. Coles of Galangue, West Africa, in New York, December 31.

DEATH

Mrs. Agnes (Marquis Lafayette) D. Gordon, missionary in Japan 1872–1924, died at Pasadena, California, December 29.

Daniel Hand Educational Fund for Colored People

Total Income Received from Investments, from June 1 to November 30, 1940 .	$35,567.46
Month of December, 1940 .	4,649.66
Total for 7 months ended December 31, 1940 . .	$40,217.12

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In connection with Missionary Emphasis Day, Dr. Gaius Glenn Atkins will deliver the Hyde Lecture on Foreign Missions in the school Chapel at 10 A.M. on March 5, 1941. The public is cordially invited.

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